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The Crime-fighting King

YOUNG KING COLE

JULY

VOL. 3 - No. 12

10¢



YKC
THE
CRIME-FIGHTING
KING





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

COLE CLUES

NEWS AND VIEWS

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Have you ever met an author? We'd like you to meet one we know. His name is Bob Plate and he's the creator of Toni Gayle!

Every week Bob comes into the office to talk over his ideas for Toni's adventures with us. He lives close by in Greenwich Village where he writes all hours of the day and night. After going to Duke University, he began writing short stories. Then one day he read an article in the WRITER'S DIGEST about writing for the comics. He's been doing that very successfully ever since.

Bob gets the ideas for his stories by reading constantly. He averages five newspapers a day and many magazines a week. Last summer he took a trip out west to gather story material. The Toni Gayle story in this issue is based on his visit to Yellowstone Park.

Bob created Toni Gayle about three years ago. She isn't copied after anyone in particular, unless it's Bob's dream girl! Our author said the idea of combining modeling with detective work seemed interesting!

Homer K. Beagle is another of Mr. Plate's creations. He didn't tell us what inspired Homer!

In appearance, Bob is the last person you would imagine writing crime stories. He's twenty-nine, lives a normal life, and has a very healthy appearance. He says his only contact with crime was last summer when someone stole a wallet from him. Even Homer couldn't find it!

Cordially yours,
The Editors

The Readers Write:

What Do You Think Of These Suggestions?

Dear Editors:

YOUNG KING COLE comics rates tops with me, because it is entirely a mystery and adventure book, the type I go for.

"Young King Cole" is my favorite story followed by a close second, "Toni Gayle." Then the others as follows: "Dr. Drew the Zoo Man," "Homer K. Beagle" and "Dr. Doom."

My only unfavorable complaint against your comic is: please keep the regular "big five" stories in, the five I named in order to my liking. Do not substitute, as you did in the February issue, "Foxy," and "Inspector Klooz" for "Dr. Doom" and "Homer K. Beagle." They are too silly and boring.

As to my opinion on the questions and answers, they are superb. The new setup agrees to me. I prefer all types of questions, but mainly ones dealing with educational topics. Also include a few riddles from time to time; they always appeal to me.

Yours sincerely,
Paul Naughton
N. Tarrytown, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think YOUNG KING COLE is the very best comic magazine I have ever read. I like all your comic characters except one and that is "Dr. Drew the Zoo Man." He is so impossible. Why not take him out and put in something more possible, like "The Dreams of Diann," something about a teen-age girl and her adventures? I am sure your magazine will be liked better if you do so. I know I would like it better.

Cordially yours,
Jean Royall
Chattanooga, Tenn.

* * *

Dear Editors:

For a long time I have been reading your YOUNG KING COLE comics and I am glad to say that they are tops. But I think that "Toni Gayle" should have a little romance in her stories. "Homer K. Beagle" is cute and mischievous. As for "Boitram the Boiglar," we should have more of him.

A sincere reader,
Carmen Lopez
New York, N. Y.

Dear Editors:

I have been reading comic books for a long time now, but of all that I have read, none can top YOUNG KING COLE. The stories in this book are tops except for "Inspector Klooz" and "Toni Gayle." Gayle isn't any good for the fact that such a slightly-built woman can knock such husky men about. Otherwise, she would be rather good.

The idea of having your "Q's and A's" pertaining to stories being read is very good as long as they do not get too hard in their educational questions. The idea of a question on one page and an answer on the other is the best idea yet.

Keep up the good work.

Very truly yours,
Dick Kania
Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

Dear Editors:

"Young King Cole" was extremely interesting in the November issue. As I read the letters written by your fans, I decided to write you my opinion of your comic.

COVER: Very good. The bright colors and exciting pictures attract your readers' attention immediately.

COLE CLUES: Very good, but why not print more letters on the page where you now have "Boitram the Boiglar"?

YOUNG KING COLE: Exciting.

TONI GAYLE: Why not let the readers send in designs of dresses for "Toni Gayle"?

HOMER K. BEAGLE: He has a silly look on his face. Why not change his face a little, and get him a girlfriend?

DR. DREW: All right, but why not translate what he whispers to the animals?

A faithful reader,
Ruth Patterson
St. Louis, Mo.

BUY U. S.
SAVINGS
BONDS

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO YOUNG KING COLE, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

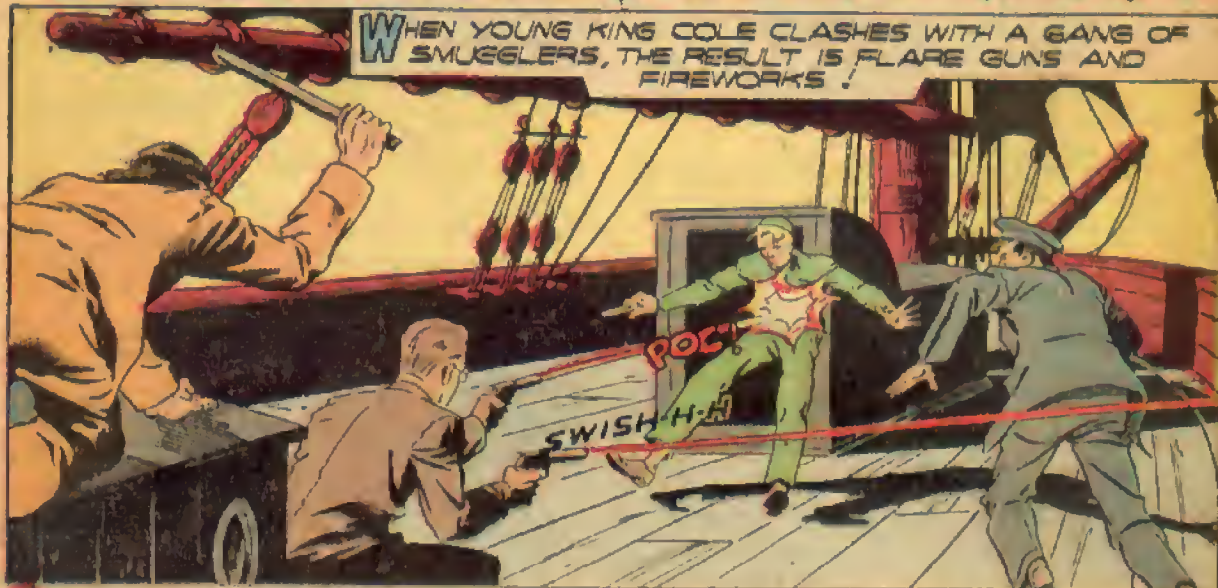
\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

YOUNG King Cole



DETECTIVE AGENCY
MASTER MIND

WHEN YOUNG KING COLE CLASHES WITH A GANG OF SMUGGLERS, THE RESULT IS FLARE GUNS AND FIREWORKS!



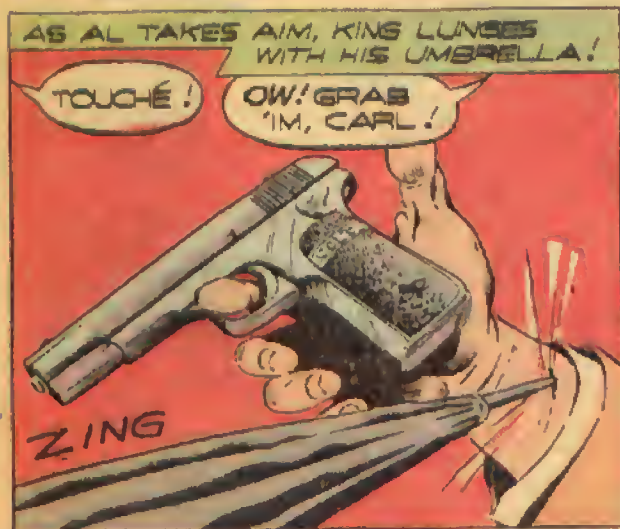
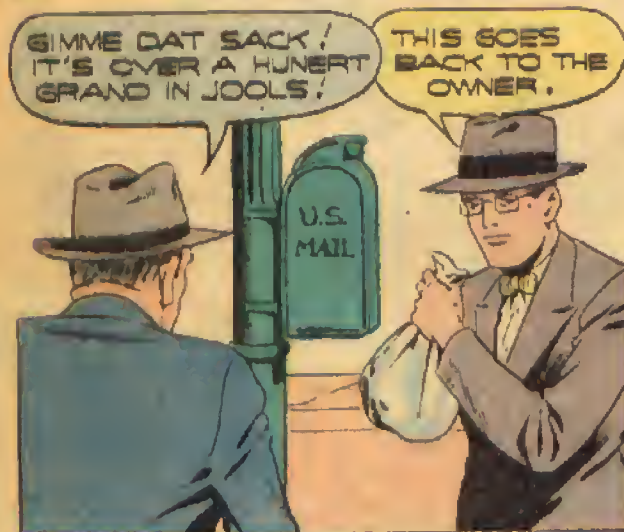
ONE DAY AS KING STROLLS PAST BEEL'S JEWELRY STORE...

GLAD IT STOPPED
RAINING. HELLO...
WHAT'S THIS?



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Advisor

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THE THUGS RUSH TO THEIR CAR ...

DAT FOUR-EYED
FIEND'S STILL
GOT DA JOOLS!

HOTFOOT IT TO
DA CAR OR HE'LL
GET US TOO.



...AND ZOOM OFF.

WHY IT'S YOUNG
KING COLE! AND I SEE
YOU'VE SAVED
THE JEWELS!

DRAIT IT!
THEY
GOT
AWAY!



BANG!

BANG!

MR. BEE, THE JEWELER, RUNS UP.

THANKS
A MILLION,
MR. COLE!

DIDJA RECOGNIZE
THOSE HOODLUMS,
MR. COLE?

NO, OFFICER.
BUT LOOK, THIS
IS INTERESTING!

IN THE SCUFFLE,
THESE LITTLE
SCALES FELL
OFF THEIR
CLOTHES. NOT
A BAD
CLUE, SH?

HUH!
ARE
YOU
KIDDIN'?



BUT KING IS IN EARNEST. HE HURRIES
TO THE COLE AGENCY, AND IRIS

THESE LOOK LIKE FISH
SCALES, IRIS. WILL YOU
CHECK 'EM IN THE LAB?

NORLAND.

RIGHT AWAY,
KING.

KING AND HIS CO-WORKER, WHIP
STEELE, SEARCH THE AGENCY'S
FILES TO IDENTIFY THE CROOKS.

NO LUCK, WHIP. YET
I'M SURE THEY WERE
PROFESSIONAL
CROOKS.

IF THEY HAVE
A RECORD,
WE'VE GOT IT.
KEEP DIGGING,
KING!



FINALLY...

AH, HERE THEY ARE, WHIP!...CARL TUMM AND AL NIFKO. THEY DATE BACK TO THE TWENTIES!

MEMBERS OF THE 'SLOPPY JOHN' GANG, WHICH TERRORIZED BIG CITY. THE GANG WAS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE AND SENTENCED TO LONG PRISON TERMS.

WHIP ME, KING. I REMEMBER SLOPPY JOHN AND HIS BOYS!

BUT HE AND HIS GANG WERE ALL ALIENS / I READ THAT THEY GOT OUT OF JAIL RECENTLY... AND WERE DEPORTED!

DEPORTED? THEN WHAT ARE TUMM AND NIFKO DOING HERE?

COLE
DETECTIVE
AGENCY

PRIVATE

PERHAPS THEY WERE SMUGGLED BACK INTO THE COUNTRY. SLOPPY JOHN PROBABLY WANTS TO START ALL OVER AGAIN IN BIG CITY, WHIP.

COULD BE, KING. NOW'S THE TIME TO SMASH HIM BEFORE HE CAN DO ANY MISCHIEF.

RIGHT! OUR FIRST MOVE IS TO FIND OUT HOW HE ENTERED THE COUNTRY.

I JUST FINISHED THE TEST. THOSE ARE FISH SCALES ALL RIGHT. FROM A SPECIES COMMON IN LOCAL WATERS.

AH, THAT GIVES ME A HUNCH! CALL IN URSUS GRAHAM, PLEASE.

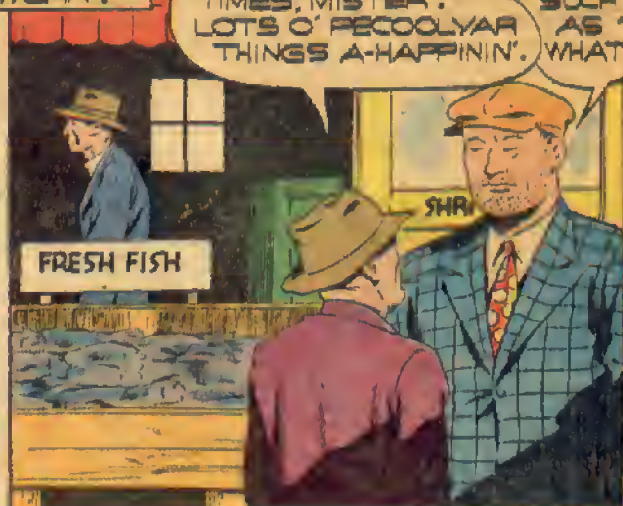
URSE, SCOUT AROUND THE DOCK STREET FISH MARKET. REPORT ANYTHING THAT SEEMS SUSPICIOUS.

RIGHT, KING.

URSE GOES TO WORK.

THESE IS FUNNY TIMES, MISTER. LOTS O' PECOOLYAR THINGS A-HAPPIN'.

YEAH? SUCH AS WHAT?



CAP'N BILL BARTON F'RINSTANCE, HIS HAULS FELL WAY OFF LATELY, BUT HE'S GOT A WAD O' GREENBACKS THAT'D CHOKE A WHALE.

BARTON ADDRESSES A FISHMONGER:

DON'T MENTION COD TO ME, I'M GOIN' AFTER A BETTER HAUL TODAY... A NEW KIND O' FISH.

H'M! SOUNDS SUSPICIOUS! I'LL GO PHONE KING TO COME DOWN HERE.



IN ANSWER TO THE CALL, KING, WHIP, AND BURKE KELLEY SOON JOIN URSE AT THE FISH MARKET.

VERY INTERESTING, URSE. BARTON MAY BE OUR MAN. BUT WE MUST MAKE SURE.

KING SLIPS ABOARD BARTON'S SHIP, UNSEEN.

WE'RE TO FOLLOW IN THE POWER BOAT. IF KING NEEDS US, HE'LL USE FLARES.

I HOPE HE FINDS A SAFE HIDING PLACE! BARTON'S A TOUGH BABY!



TWO WATER BARRELS ON DECK GIVE KING AN IDEA.

THEY'LL DRINK FROM THE NUMBER ONE BARREL FIRST... I HOPE!



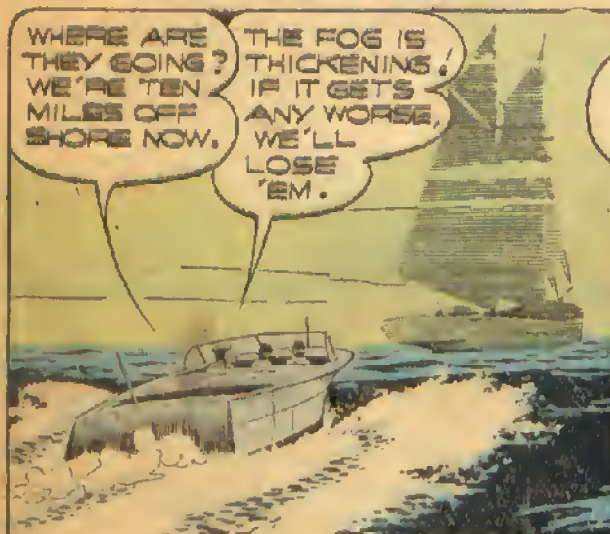
ANYONE WHO TRIES TO GET A DRINK FROM THIS BARREL IS IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE!



UNWARE OF THE STOWAWAY, BARTON AND HIS CREW BOARD THE SHIP AND PUT OUT TO SEA.

WHERE ARE THEY GOING? WE'RE TEN MILES OFF SHORE NOW.

THE FOG IS THICKENING! IF IT GETS ANY WORSE, WE'LL LOSE 'EM.



IN BARTON'S SCHOONER HALF AN HOUR LATER..

THERE'S THE SHIP NOW. WE'RE LUCKY TO FIND 'ER IN THIS PEA SOUP!

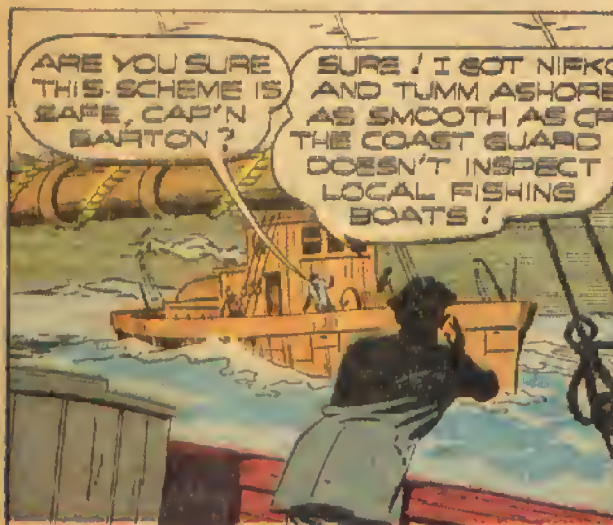
WHEW! I CAN'T COUNT ON WHIP AND THE BOYS NOW! THE FOG'S TOO THICK!



THE TWO SHIPS HEAVE TO IN THE HEAVY SWELL.

ARE YOU SURE THIS SCHEME IS SAFE, CAP'N BARTON?

SURE! I GOT NIFKO AND TUMM ASHORE AS SMOOTH AS CREAM. THE COAST GUARD DOESN'T INSPECT LOCAL FISHING BOATS!



AND IF THEY SHOULD, YOU AND YOUR GANG WOULD BE SAFE, SLOPPY JOHN. I'LL HIDE YOU IN A SECRET PLACE UNDER THE FISH HOLD. YOU'LL BE COVERED WITH FISH! COME ON, GET ABOARD!



SO-O! THAT'S HOW TUMM AND NIFKO GOT FISH SCALES ON 'EM.

SLOPPY JOHN AND HIS PAL SWING DOWN THE SHIP'S SIDE ONTO BARTON'S SCHOONER. BUT THE LAST MAN HITS THE DECK, SLIPS AND...

OUCH! FOOL! WHERE ARE YOUR SEA LEGS?

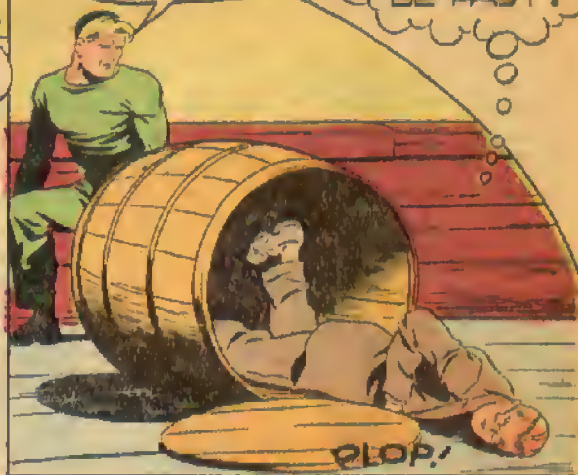
WHUPS! DEY JUST SLIPPED OUT FROM UNDER ME!

THUMP!



LOOK! A SPY! GET HIM!

OH! OH! THIS HAS GOT TO BE FAST!

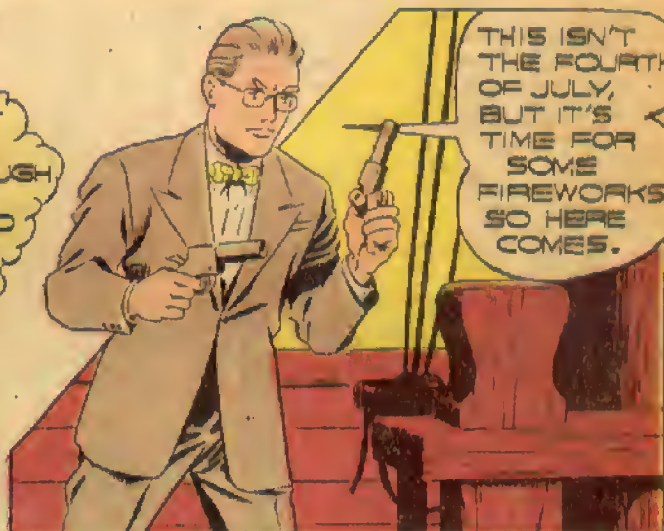


KING SCRAMBLES QUICKLY TO HIS FEET, REACHING INTO BOTH HIP POCKETS.

WHIP COULDN'T SEE THESE FLARES THROUGH THE FOG, BUT THEY MAY HOLD OFF THESE HOODLUMS.

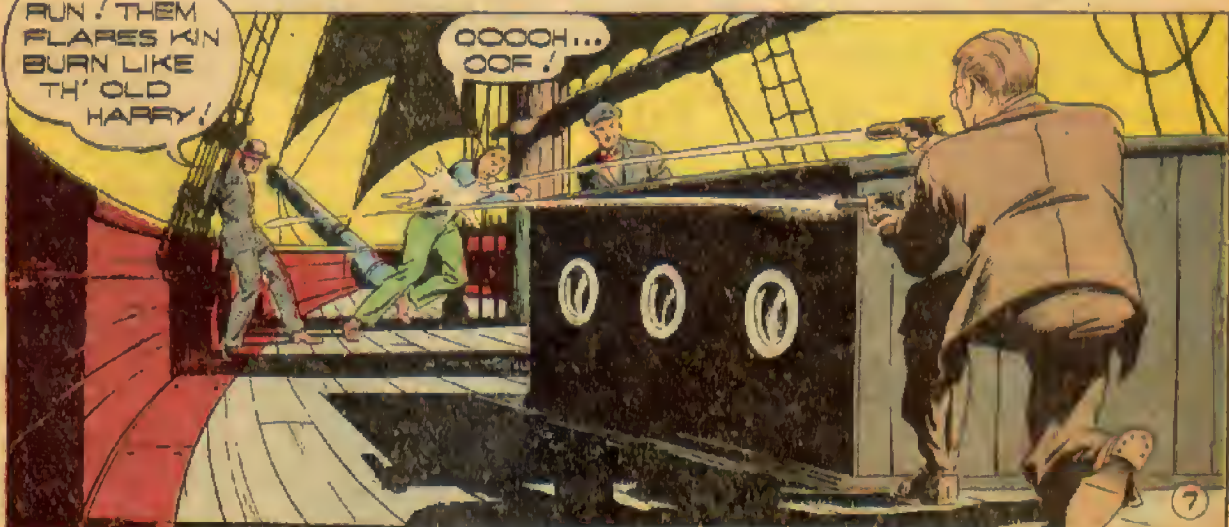


THIS ISN'T THE FOURTH OF JULY, BUT IT'S TIME FOR SOME FIREWORKS, SO HERE COMES.



RUN! THEM FLARES KIN BURN LIKE TH' OLD HARRY!

OOOOH... OOF!



Q No. 3. Can you name the schooner which moves on land? Hint: American pioneers used them.

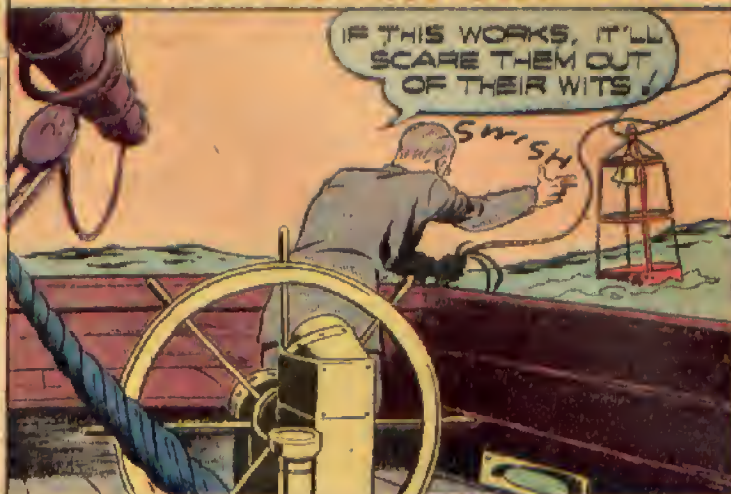
AS SLOPPY JOHN FALLS, HIS MEN BREAK FOR THE BOW AND KING DASHES FOR THE STERN.

BEFORE THEY RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK, I'LL MAKE USE OF SOME OLD COWBOY TRAININGS.



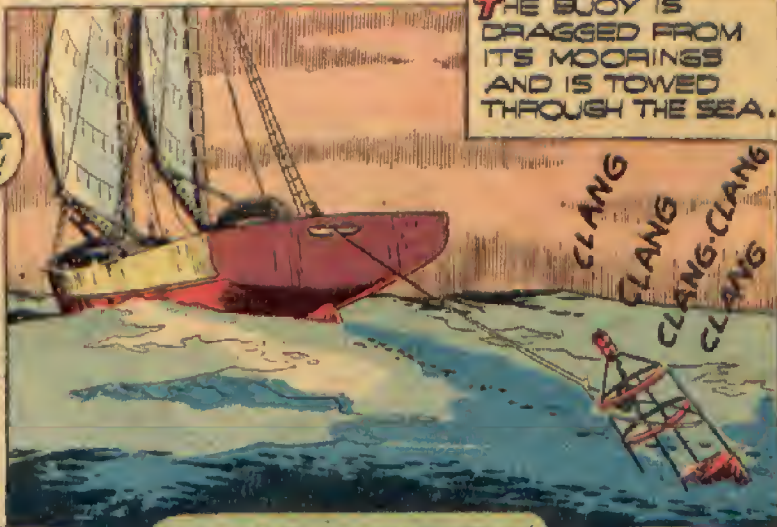
REACHING THE STERN, KING SEIZES A ROPE AND LASSOS A BELL BUOY BOBBING AFT.

IF THIS WORKS, IT'LL SCARE THEM OUT OF THEIR WITS!



KING MAKES THE ROPE FAST, OUT OF SIGHT ON THE STERN.

THE ROPE WON'T BE NOTICED HERE, AND IN THE FOG THEY WON'T SEE THAT WE'RE TOWING THE BUOY!



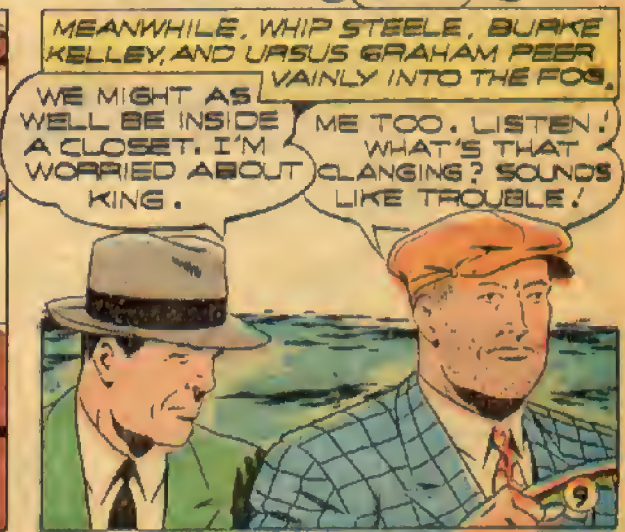
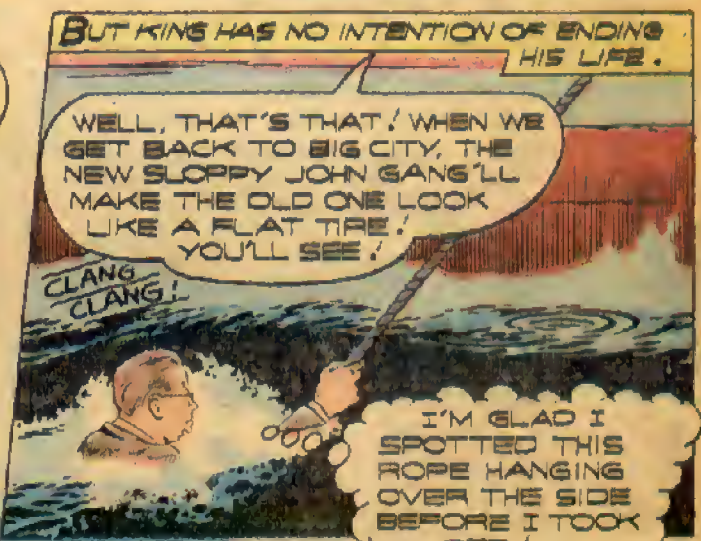
LISTEN!... SOMEBODY'S AFTER US!

CUT IN THE AUXILIARY ENGINE! FULL SPEED AHEAD! SHAKE 'EM!

WE CAN'T SHAKE 'EM! I GO FAST, SLOW, ZIGZAG... AND STILL THEY HANG ON! IT'S UNCANNY!

HEY! THERE'S THE SPY AGAIN! LET'S GET HIM, BOYS!





URSE! THAT CLANGING IS TO PORT!
HEAD FOR IT, MAYBE KING HAS
SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT!

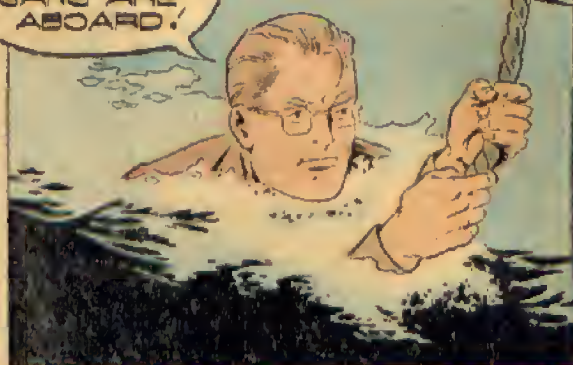
CLANG CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!



URSE SWINGS TO PORT AND
MOMENTS LATER, KING SPIES THE
MOTORBOAT.

AHOY! AHOY!
WHIP! URSE! THIS
WAY! SLOPPY
JOHN AND HIS
GANG ARE
ABOARD!

URSE! THAT'S
KING'S VOICE!



SLOPPY JOHN SPOTS THE
MOTORBOAT AND SWINGS CLOSE.

LOOK, A MOTORBOAT!
SET SET, BOYS, DON'T
LET 'EM COME ABOARD!

I'LL MOW
'EM DOWN,
SLOPPY!



I'LL SWIM AROUND THE STERN,
SHINNY UP THE ROPE TIED TO THE
BUOY, AND SURPRISE 'EM FROM
THE REAR!



THE MOTORBOAT HEAVES TO
ALONGSIDE THE SCHOONER.

HEAVE US
A LINE!
WE'RE
COMING
ABOARD!

YOU DO AND WE'LL
HEAVE YOU BACK
FOR FISH BAIT!



ONCE THIS
BABY STARTS
TALKIN', IT
WON'T SHUT
UP UNTIL
YOU'RE FULL
OF HOLES!



YOU'RE THROUGH
GABBING, CHUM!
GO TO SLEEP!

WHILE SLOPPY JOHN AND HIS PALS
ARE DISTRACTED BY THE
COMMOTION BEHIND THEM, WHIP,
URSE, AND BURKE BOARD THE
SHIP.

C'MON, GANG,
HERE'S KING!
LET'S CLEAN
THIS UP!

POC!

THE
COLE
AGENTS
ACT WITH
OVERWHELMING
SPEED AND
STRENGTH.

THAT'S
USING YOUR
HEADS!

LITTLE BOY WITH GUN?
TSK! TSK!

STEP
ASIDE,
SKIPPER!

OW!

CRACK!

CRACK!

YOU BOYS
HAD ENOUGH?

YEAH. WE KNOW
WHEN WE'RE LICKED!

MEANWHILE, SLOPPY JOHN HEADS
FOR THE STERN.

YOU'LL
NEVER TAKE
ME ALIVE!

As SLOPPY JOHN RUSHES FOR THE STERN, KING HURRIEDLY TURNS TO BURKE.

BURKE, LOOK THESE BIRDS UNDER THE OTHER FISH, IN THE SECRET HOLE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT SLOPPY JOHN?

I THOUGHT SOME RAT MIGHT TRY TO JUMP SHIP, SO I SPREAD A FISHING NET FROM THE STERN BEFORE I SLID AROUND AND FLATTENED THE BOY WITH THE MACHINE GUN! C'MON, URSE.

URSE GOES WITH KING TO THE STERN.

HEAVE HO, URSE! HERE WE'VE GOT OUR FISH!

DARN MY SOCKS! YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, KING!

THE NET IS HAULED UP OUT OF THE WATER.

MY, MY! WHAT A CATCH!

HUH! LOOKS LIKE A MOTH-EATEN WALRUS!

(SPLUT- SPLUT) BLAST YOU! BLAST YOU ALL! (SPLUT)

LATER, KING LEADS THE BIG CITY POLICE TO 22 SOUTH STREET WHERE CARL AND AL ARE EASILY CAPTURED.

YOU AGAIN! WHEN SLOPPY JOHN HEARS OF DIS, HE'LL PUT DA FINGER ON YA!

HARDLY! HE AND THE REST OF YOUR GANG ARE IN JAIL!

CONFIDENTIALLY, COLE, HOW DID YOU SMASH THIS BIG SMUGGLING RACKET? YOUR ONLY CLUE TO START WITH WAS A HANDFUL OF FISH SCALES!

WELL, THAT WAS ALL I NEEDED TO KNOW SOMETHING WAS "FISHY"!

THE FEELINGS' MUCILAGE !!!

SURE- I BETCHA IF HE COULD TALK,
HE WOULDN'T SPEAK
TO EITHER OF US!!

MILK

YOUR POP MUST HAVE BEEN A SPANISH ATHLETE - 'CAUSE YOU'RE SO GOOD AT THROWING THE BULL !!!

TEE HEE!!

?

SO YOUR BROTHER'S A
DRAFT CLERK IN A
BANK, HUH??

YUP-HE OPENS
AND SHUTS THE
WINDOWS!!!

[illegible]

INSPECTOR KLOOZ

RAIN! BUT THIS PAPER SAYS
"FAR TODAY, AND HOT TAMALE,
ER-- TOMORROW!"

Flower
SHOW



INSPECTOR KLOOZ COVERS THE FLOWER
SHOW LIKE A BLANKET OF PETUNIAS,
AND AS KLOOZ'S NOSE GROWS, HE SNIFFS
IN-- PLANT ME NOW AND DIG ME LATER!

I LEAVE THE SAFETY OF ALL
OUR PRECIOUS PLANTS IN YOUR
VERY CAPABLE HANDS,
INSPECTOR KLOOZ!

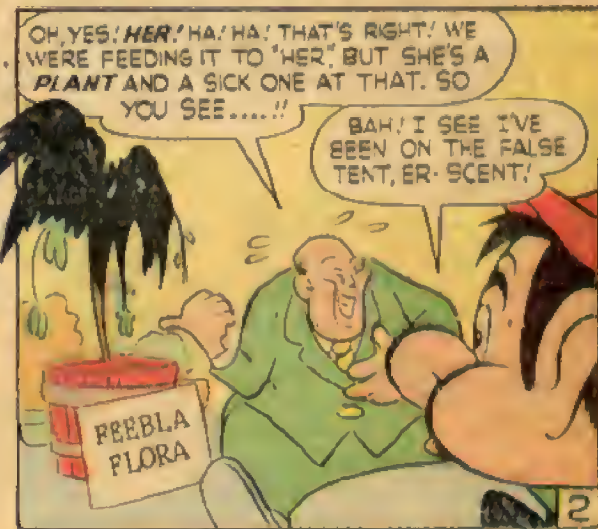
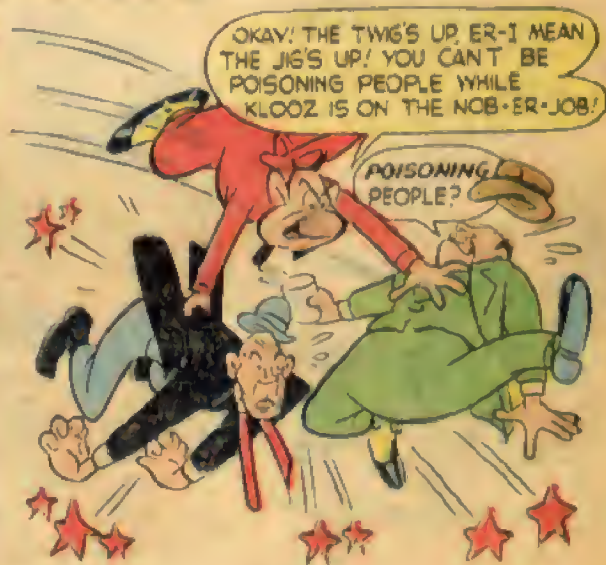
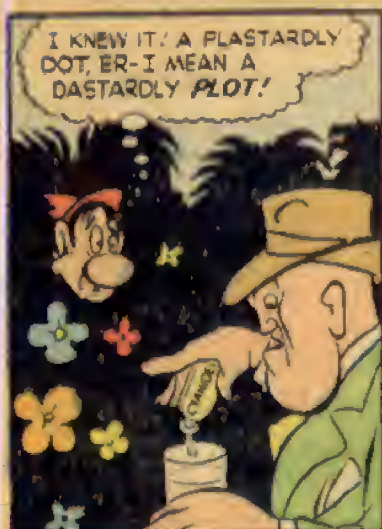
YES, SIR! I'LL KEEP
EVERY ONE OF YOUR
LITTLE BUDS UNDER
MY EAGLE EYE--
AND NOSE!

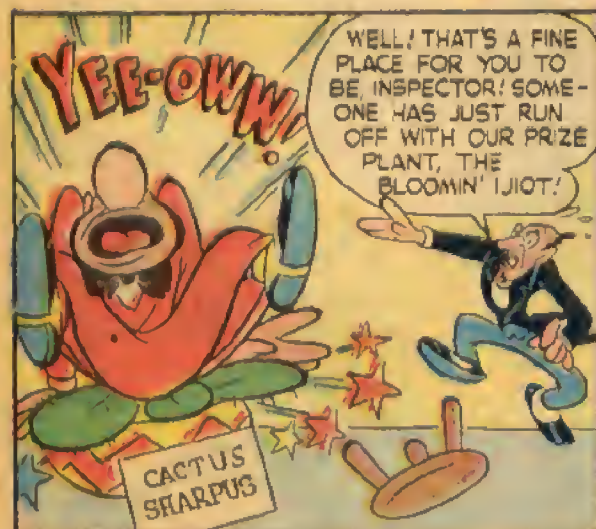
THE *BLOOMING LIJOT* MUST
BE A FLOWERING FOOL OF A
PLANT!

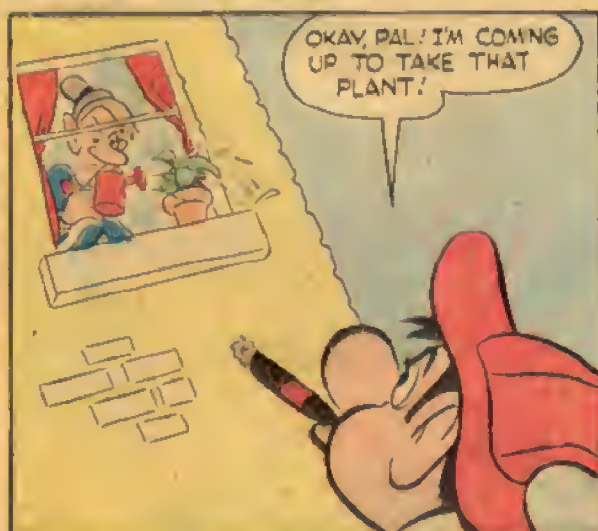
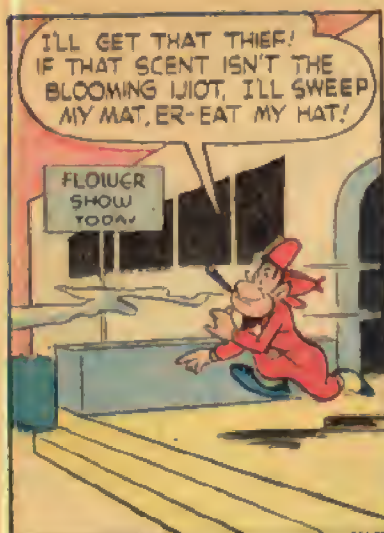
HIBERNUS PROBUSCUS
BLOOMING LIJOT
BLOOMS EVERY
50 YEARS
VALUED AT
\$10,000.00

WE'LL FEED "HER" SOME CYANIDE,
AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK--

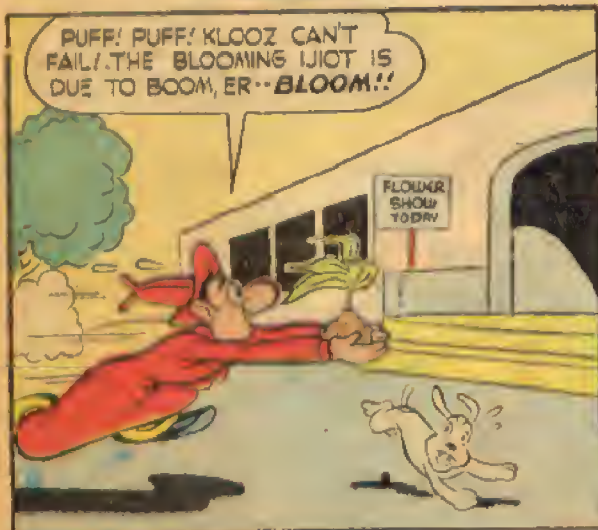
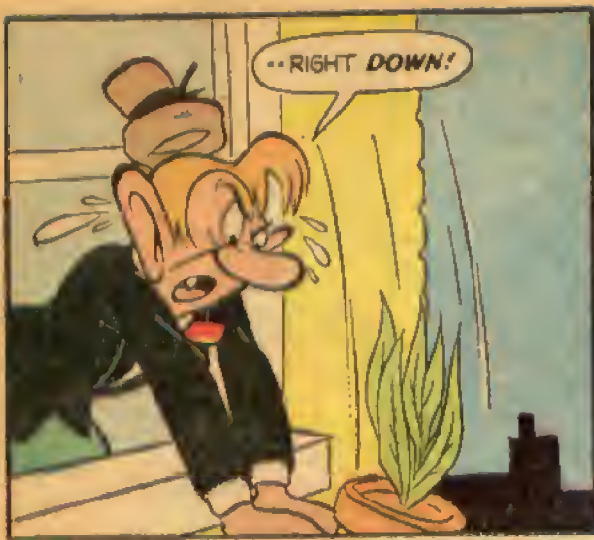
WOW! IT'S A POT, ER--I
MEAN A PLOT! I'D
BETTER LOOK INTO
THIS!

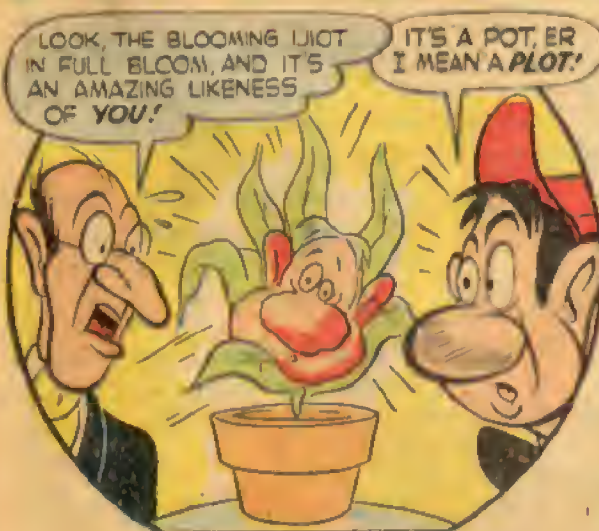
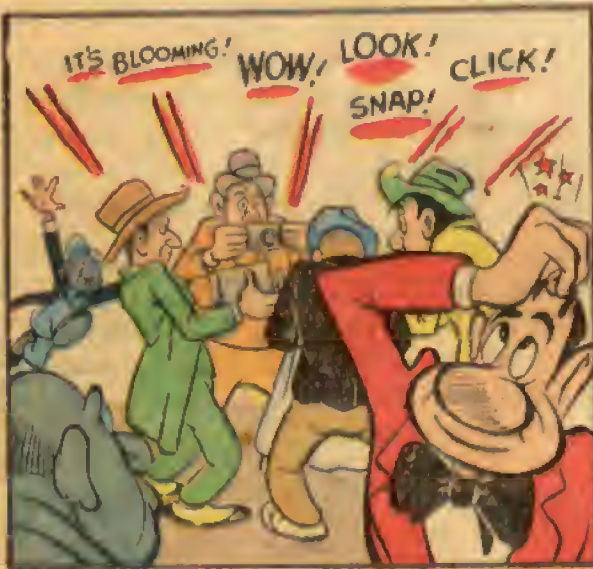
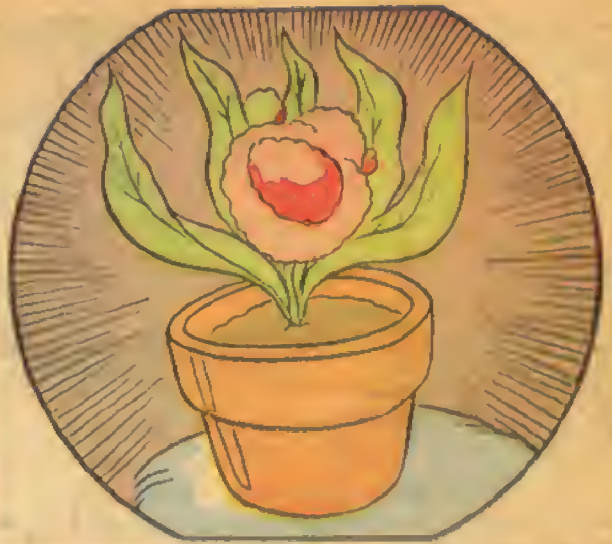
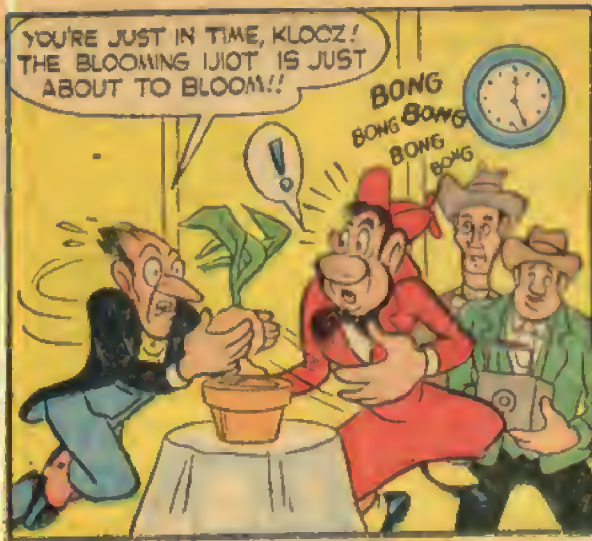






Q No 7. What radio comedian (initials J. D.) is famous for his large rose-er nose?





YOUNG KING COLE

TIME WILL TELL



OFFICER Mike Ryan came on duty at 8 P.M. A few minutes later, Barry Weems, junior partner of Baylor and Weems, jewelers, stopped to chat with Ryan.

Weems handed Officer Ryan a 25-cent cigar and asked him the time.

Mike looked at his watch. "It's 8:15."

Barry grinned. "I got to mosey, Mike. Gotta heavy date at the Clermont. When she says 8:20, she means 8:20!"

Later that night Ryan found the door of Baylor and Weems's store unlocked. Strange . . . Ryan stepped inside, peered around in the gloom, snapped his flashlight at the safe behind the counter. The safe door stood wide open, yawning, empty!

Mike decided to do a little investigating before reporting the burglary. He stepped into the back room, the clock and watch repair shop, and flipped on the lights.

At one side of the room lay old Mark Baylor, a tall grandfather clock smashed across his back. Ryan hastily examined him. Baylor was dead, shot through the chest.

Officer Ryan hurried out to the nearest call box and reported the crime. Soon, sirens screamed through the night.

Detective Short stepped out of the squad car, saw Ryan and sneered: "You, again! I might as well try finding clues after an elephant's trampled the ground."

Ryan held his temper. His feud with Detective Short was of long standing. They didn't agree on anything. Now it was Ryan's bad luck that Short, his superior, should draw a case on his beat.

"Did you touch the body?" Short asked curtly.

"I made sure he was dead—that's all," Ryan replied.

"Come on, let's hear the story," Short barked.

"I came on duty, as usual, at 8 o'clock," Ryan began. "Everything was quiet. At 8:15 I was accosted by Barry Weems . . ."

"All right," Short snarled. "I'm not interested in the history of your misspent life. Start from the minute you noticed anything wrong with the jewelry store."

Officer Ryan's eyes snapped, but he told what he had observed, ending: "And I noticed the smashed grandfather clock was stopped at—"

"—stopped at 8:15," broke in Short. "Think I'm blind?" he thundered. "The murder was committed at 8:15. Any fool could figure that. It's an outside robbery job."

"You're mistaken," Ryan said politely. "This wasn't an outside job. After looking at that clock, I know who killed Baylor."

"Did you see the job done?"

"No—but by deduction I concluded——"

"Oh, brother!" Short sneered. "You deducted. And concluded. A dumb Irish flatfoot. Just put the pretty clues together and solved the case? Why in blazes are you pounding a beat if you're a heavy-weight brain?"

Short shouted himself into a rage. "Get back on your beat, flatfoot! I'll do my own thinking!"

Ears burning, Officer Ryan walked out. The rest of the night was uneventful. He turn-

ed in his written report accompanied by a terse note:

"Inspector Blake, Homicide:

I know who killed Mark Baylor.

Officer M. Ryan."

Ryan was awakened by heavy pounding on his bedroom door. Sleepily, he yelled, "Don't cave it in—it's unlocked!"

Detective Short walked in. "Get dressed, Ryan," he commanded. "The chief wants to see you about a little matter of murder."

Short's roving eyes stopped when they saw Ryan's revolver hung with his police uniform in the open closet. He walked over, lifted the gun from its holster, broke it open. He smelled the end of the barrel. It had been fired. "You're under arrest for killing Baylor," Short said coldly.

Ryan's temperature mounted, but he knew it would do no good to argue. He climbed out of bed, began putting on his uniform.

Short stopped him. "Put on your own clothes, Ryan. You won't be wearing blues after today!"

At headquarters, Short pushed open the chief's door, motioned Ryan inside. "Here's your killer, Chief."

Inspector Black looked up. "Killer——?"

"You said to bring Ryan in," Short said uneasily. "I suspected him last night. Now I find his gun's been fired. There's no mention in his report of firing it in the line of duty."

The inspector looked inquiringly at Ryan.

Mike explained: "I practice every afternoon at the target range. I go on duty right afterward. Sure, the gun's been fired."

"What's the meaning of this note?" Inspector Blake asked, tapping a paper on his desk.

"Have you arrested Barry Weems?" Ryan asked.

"No—why should we?"

"He killed Mark Baylor," Ryan said.

Inspector Blake turned to Short. "Get Weems."

Short shrugged, but left to carry out the order.

The inspector turned back to Ryan. "Where's your uniform?"

"Short made me wear civvies. Very persuasive—a gun in his hand. He says I won't be wearing blues any more."

The chief looked thoughtful. "Perhaps he's right."

Barry Weems was ushered into the office, protesting. "This is an outrage!" he shouted. "I'll sue! I've an alibi!" Then he saw Officer Ryan. "I was talking to you at the time Mark was killed—tell them . . ."

"How did you know when Baylor was killed?" Inspector Blake asked quietly.

"It says in the papers the broken grandfather clock stopped at 8:15."

Ryan faced Weems. "You did talk to me at 8:15. You gave me a cigar, and asked what time it was. Odd, isn't it,

a jeweler, a man wearing a wristwatch, asking the time? When I found Baylor dead, I knew you'd had a reason for the question. You fixed it for me, a cop, to be your alibi witness."

Weems looked shaken. "I couldn't be in two places at once," he protested.

"You weren't," said Ryan. "You killed Mark Baylor before you talked to me. You smashed the grandfather's clock, set the hands ahead to read 8:15, to establish a false time for the murder. Then you robbed the safe of its cash and jewelry and walked out."

"You can't prove the clock was set ahead!" Weems shouted.

"Wrong again. That's where you made your first mistake. When you smashed the grandfather clock, a chip of broken glass lodged under the hour hand. It scratched a line in the clock's face from the 7 to a little beyond the 8."

Barry Weems caved in, sobbing into his hands. Inspector Blake called a police secretary. "Take this man's confession." He turned to Ryan. "Why didn't you give this evidence to Short?"

"I tried to. He wouldn't listen."

Short looked uncomfortable.

"Well, Short isn't always wrong," said the chief. "You won't be wearing blues after all, Ryan. I'll need a detective and the job's yours. Officer Short can wear the blues for awhile, Detective Ryan!"

THE END

DR. DREW THE ZOO MAN

ALTHOUGH WHISPER DREW CAN'T TALK TO DEAF AND DUMB BEASTS, HIS AMAZING KNOWLEDGE OF ANIMALS HELPS HIM TO SOLVE THE CASE OF THE MUTE MOUNTAIN LIONS.



SO LARRY FLINT, THE HEAD OF THE CATTLEMEN'S ASSOCIATION, SENT FOR YOU, WHISPER, TO CATCH A BAND OF MOUNTAIN LIONS WHO HAVE BEEN KILLING CATTLE!



SOON... LARRY FLINT'S CATTLE RANCH IN COLORADO.

I'M FLINT, DR. DREW!
LAST NIGHT THOSE
DEVILISH MOUNTAIN
LIONS KILLED SOME
OF MY OWN CATTLE!

SURE THING! IT'S SEVERAL
MILES, SO I'VE HAD
SOME... ER..
GENTLE HORSES
SADDLED FOR
YOU FOLKS TO
RIDE!

COULD WE
VISIT THE SCENE
OF THE
SLAUGHTER,
FLINT?

FINE!

SNORT!

WHISPER,
HORSE
KILLUM-UM
YOU?

ULP!
YOU CALL
THAT HORSE
G-GENTLE?

WHISPER SHOWS HIS MIRACULOUS
POWER OVER ANIMALS WHO UNDERSTAND
HIM!

BACK, ZAN... I
CAN HANDLE HIM!
LISTEN, ANIMAL
BROTHER... BUZZZZZ!
BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

HMMM..
GENTLE AS A
KITTEN... THE
WORST OUTLAW
HORSE ON THE
RANGE!

BROTHERS ALL,
LISTEN... BUZZZZZZ!
BUZZZZZZZZ!

NOW ZAN AND
SNOUPE CAN
MOUNT AND RIDE
SAFELY!

ULP! NOT ME, WHISPER!
IF I'VE GOTTA RIDE...
HERE'S MY STEED!

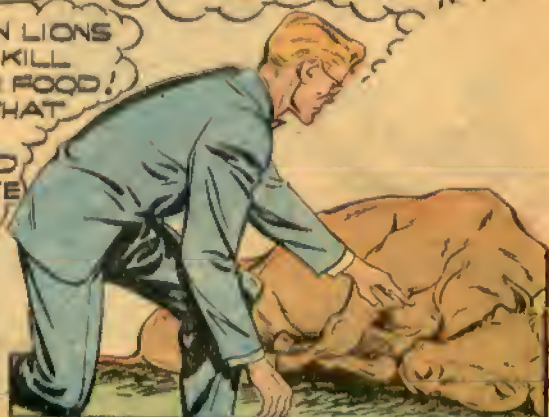


LATER...

SEE FOR
YUHSELF, DREW...
THAT BAND OF
MOUNTAIN LIONS
CLAWED MY
BEST STOCK!

THE CLAW AND RANG MARKS
ON EACH OF THESE STEERS
IS IDENTICAL! HMMM! AND
THE SPACING'S ALMOST
MECHANICAL!

MOUNTAIN LIONS
USUALLY KILL
ONLY FOR FOOD!
IT'S ODD THAT
NONE OF
THESE DEAD
STEERS HAVE
BEEN
EATEN!



THE GROUND IS TOO
ROCKY TO SHOW TRACKS,
BUT IT'S FUNNY GRAY CAN'T
PICK UP THE CATS'
SPOOR!

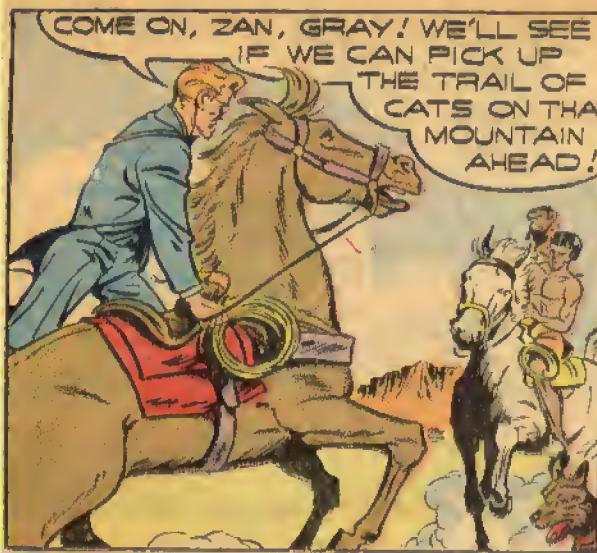
GO BACK WITH FLINT, SNOUPE!
SEARCH THE RANCH... AND HERE'S
WHAT TO LOOK FOR... BUZZZZ!
BUZZZ!

THE VARMINTS
CAME DOWN OUTTA
THEM MOUNTAINS,
DREW! I'LL LEAVE
YOU HERE AND
HEAD BACK TO
THE RANCH!

WOOF!

RIGHT, WHISPER!



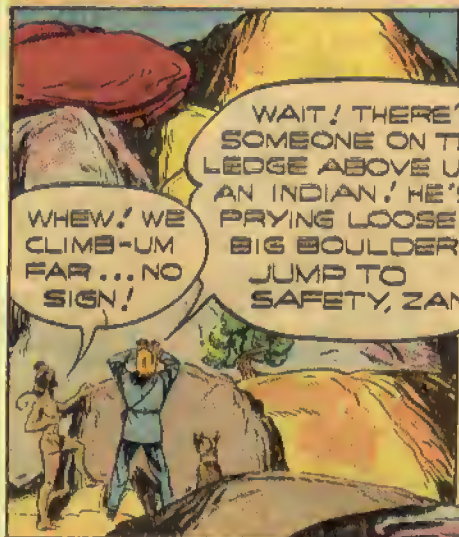


COME ON, ZAN, GRAY! WE'LL SEE
IF WE CAN PICK UP
THE TRAIL OF THE
CATS ON THAT
MOUNTAIN
AHEAD!



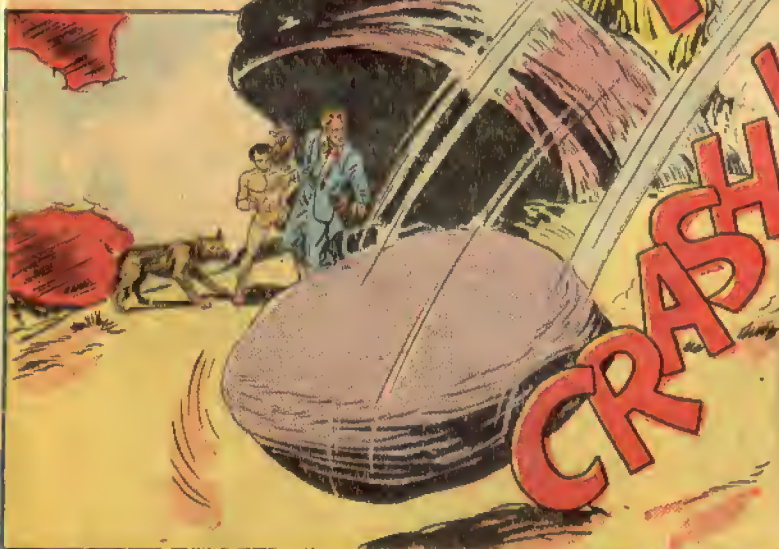
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE'LL LEAVE THE
HORSES HERE!



WHEW! WE
CLIMB-UM
FAR... NO
SIGN!

WAIT! THERE'S
SOMEONE ON THAT
LEDGE ABOVE US...
AN INDIAN! HE'S
PRYING LOOSE A
BIG BOULDER!
JUMP TO
SAFETY, ZAN!



RUMBLE!
CRASH!

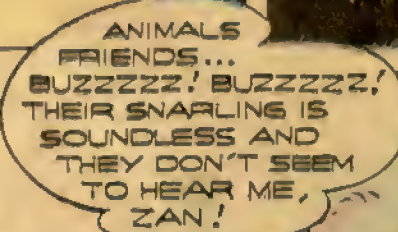
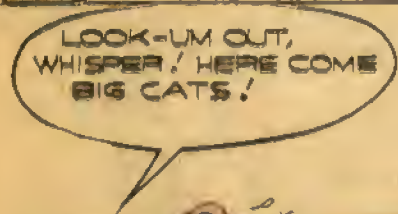


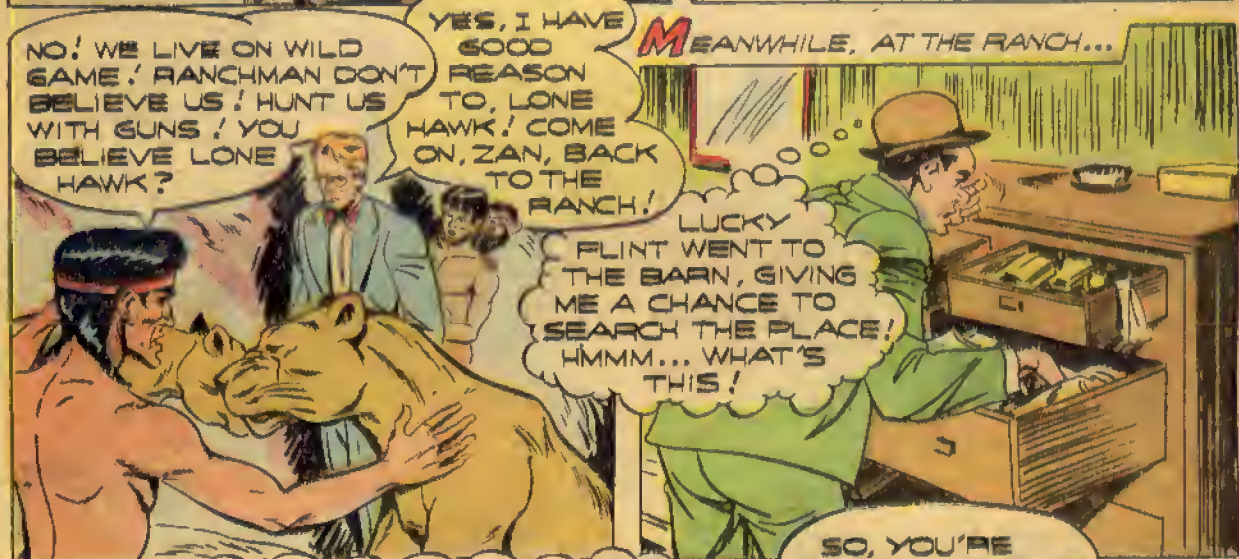
EEEEK!

WONDER
IF THAT
INDIAN COULD
HAVE ANY
CONNECTION
WITH THE
MOUNTAIN
LIONS!

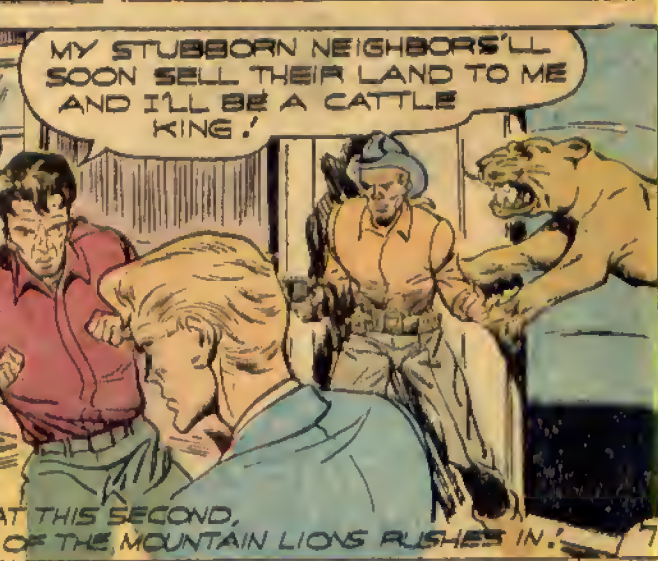
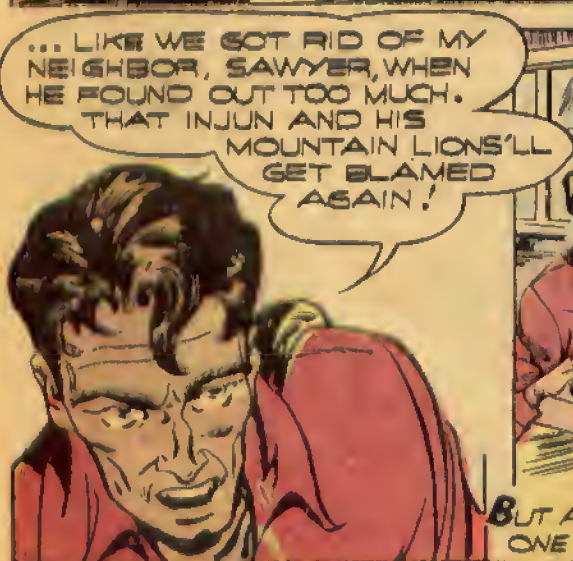
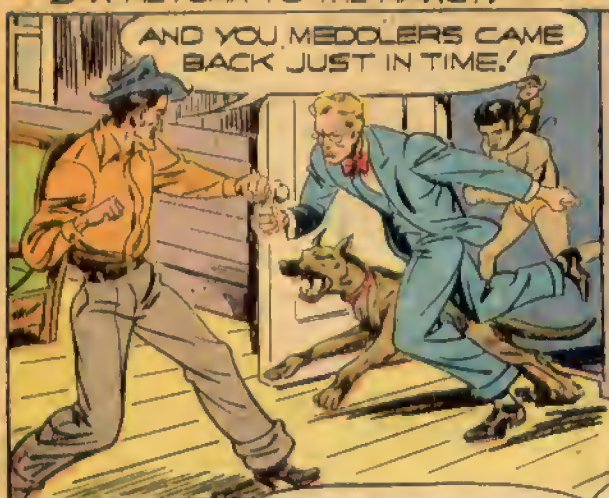
WOOF!

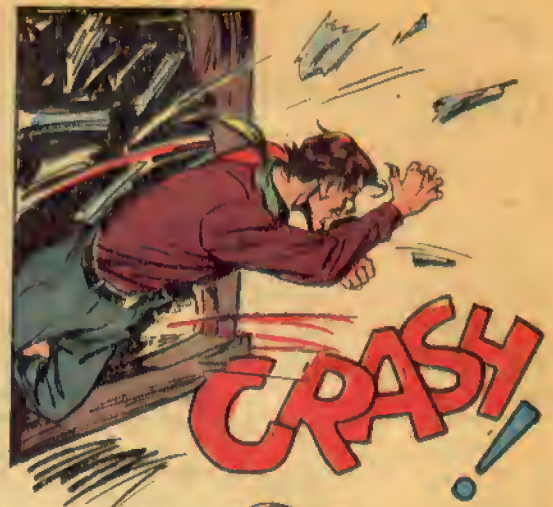
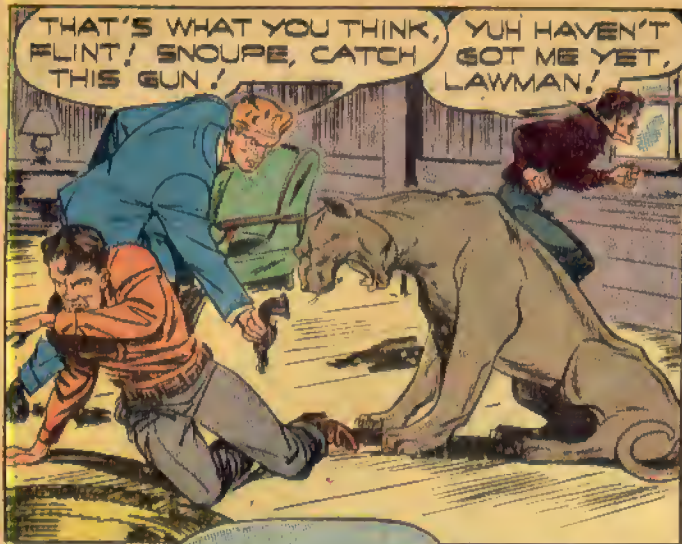
WE CLIMB-UM
TO LEDGE WHERE
INJUM PUSH OFF ROCK.
HEY, WHISPER? GRAY
PICK-UM UP TRAIL!





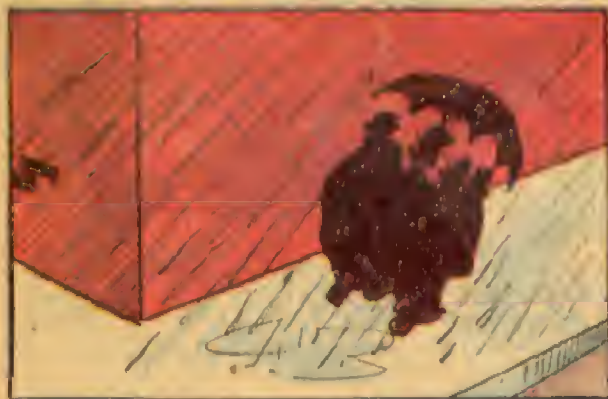
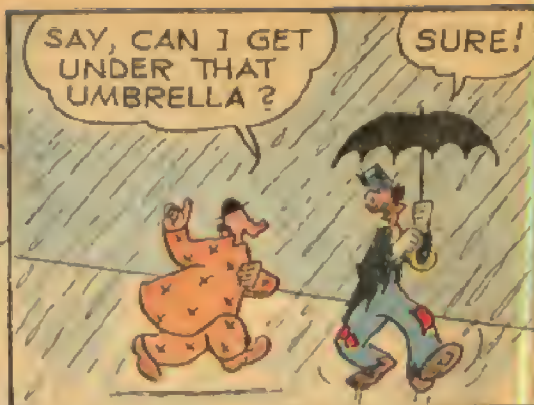
AT THE SAME MOMENT, WHISPER AND ZAN RETURN TO THE RANCH!





HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO

BY ART HELFANT



YOUNG KING COLE



Electric Light

JAZZ BOW TIE

ONLY \$1.95

ASTONISH. AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS!!

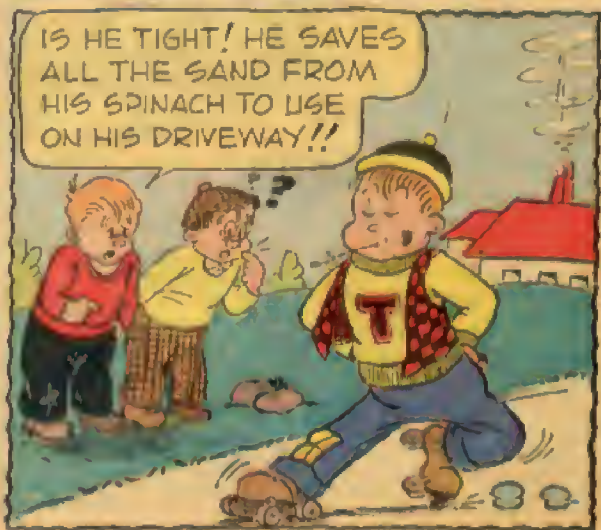
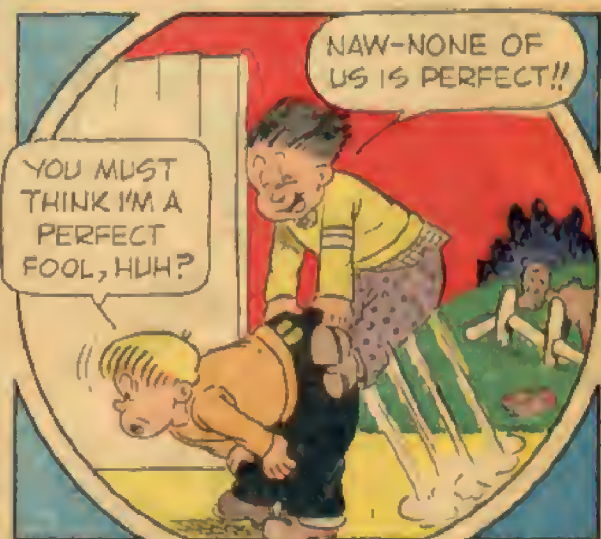
Sensation of the Nation

Great Fun for Young and Old. You can be the life of the party and have lots of fun. Tie easily put on. Flashes on and off by simply pressing battery button hidden in your pocket. Comes complete with attractive bow tie, cord, two bulbs and battery.

SEND NO MONEY NOW! Mail your order today. Pay postmaster \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges when delivered or send \$1.50 and we pay postage. Give day money-back guarantee.

Special price to dealers

BERNARD FINE CO., 501 Sixth Avenue
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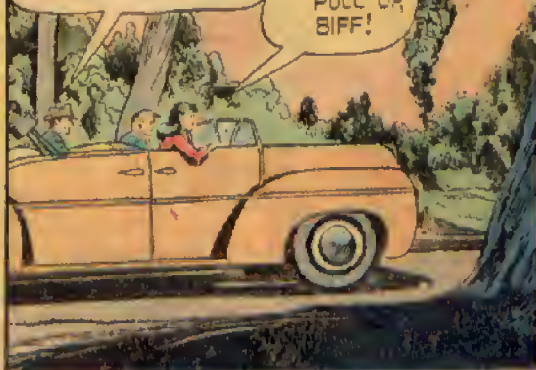
Toni Gayle



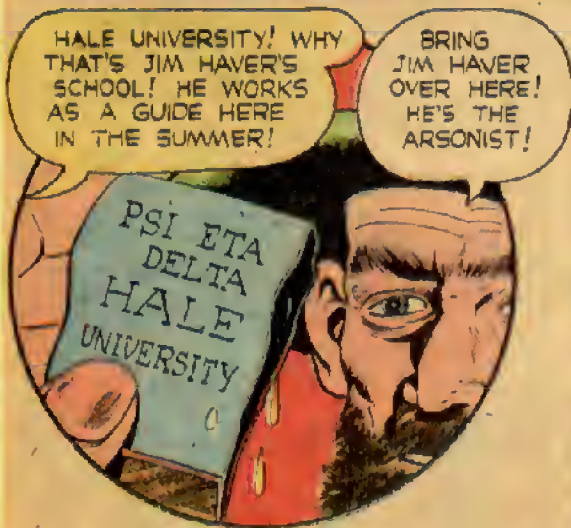
TONI ARRIVES WITH HER BODYGUARD, BIFF MUGGSON, AND CHICK, HER PHOTOGRAPHER.

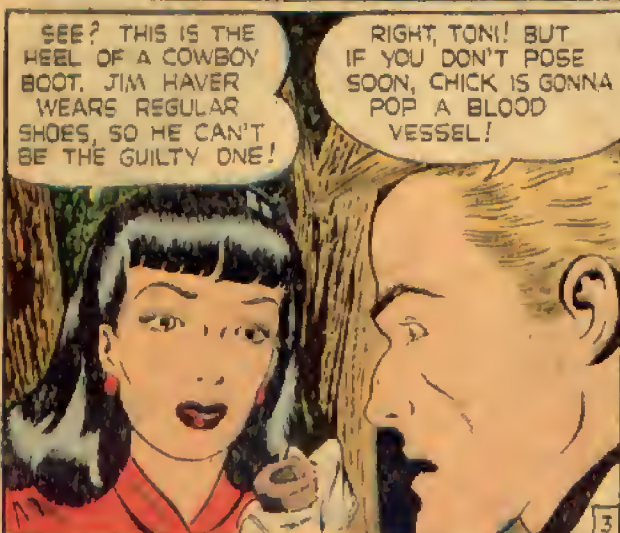
REDSTONE PARK MAKES AN IDEAL SET FOR OUR SERIES OF OLD-TIME FASHION STYLES.

LOOKS AS IF PART OF OUR SET GOT SINGED, CHICK! PULL UP, BIFF!



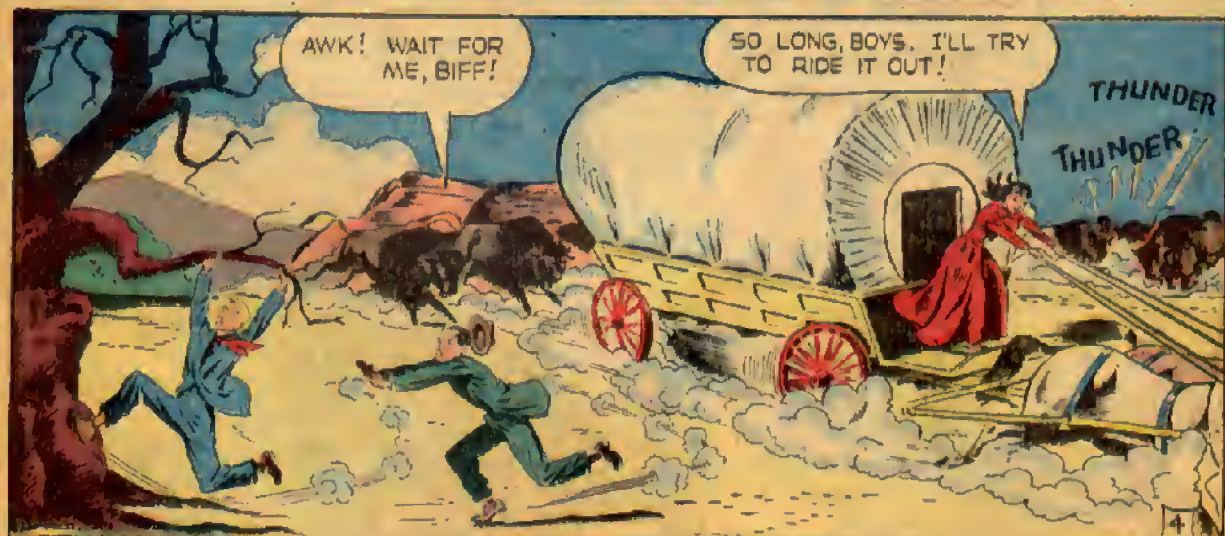
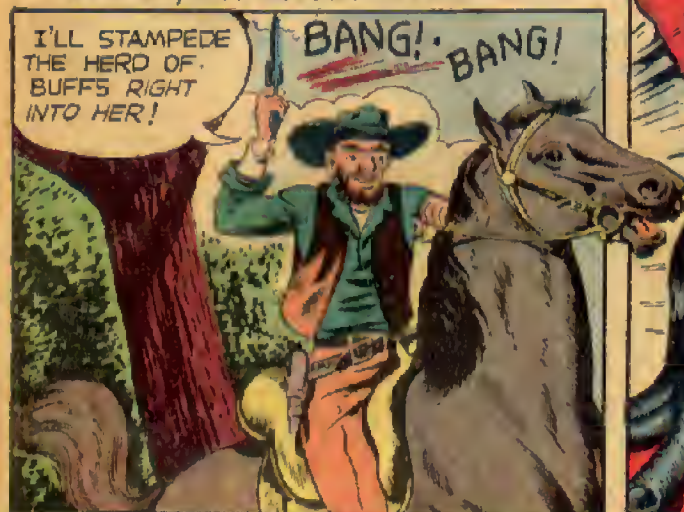
YOUNG KING COLE







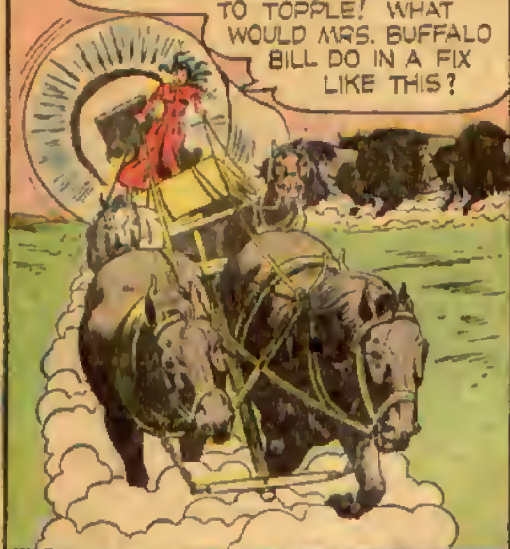
HOWEVER, IN A NEAR-BY WOODS--



Q. No. 12. There is a deliberately misspelled word on this page. Can you find it?

TONI SPEEDS ALONG WITH THE THUNDERING HERD, BUT--

OH! OH! THE WAGON'S ABOUT TO TOPPLE! WHAT WOULD MRS. BUFFALO BILL DO IN A FIX LIKE THIS?



GOOD THING THE TRACES SNAPPED! I'M GOING TO SIT THIS WALTZ OUT, HORSIE, ON YOU!

LATER--

I'LL BET THE FIREBUG HAS TOO! I'VE A HUNCH HE'S THE LAD WHO SICKED THE HERD ON US!

TONI! WHAT A RELIEF! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU!



THE GAL IS TOUGH, BUT THAT GRIZZLY OVER THERE IS TOUGHER!



ATTA PONY! SHUFFLE OFF FROM THE BUFFALO-- BUT FAST!



A FEW STONES WILL MAKE HIM EVEN MEANER!

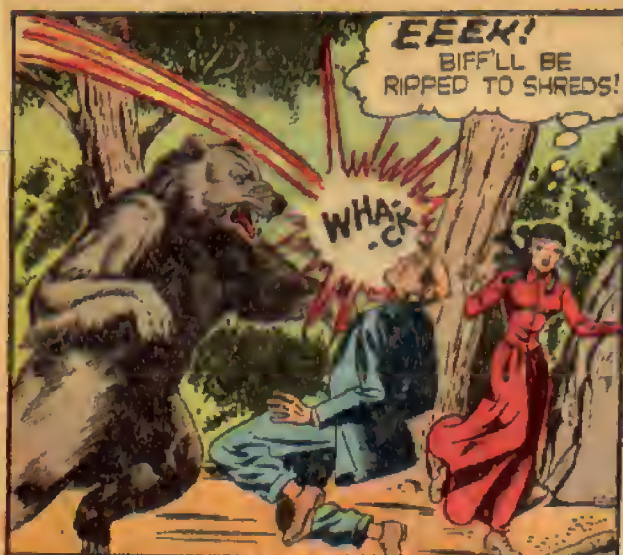


LOOK OUT, BIFF! IT'S A GRIZZLY!

RUN, TONI! I'LL TRY TO SLOW HIM DOWN!



A No. 12. In picture 4 the word is herd, the noun, not heard, a verb.



EEEEK!
BIFF'LL BE
RIPPED TO SHREDS!

WHACK



KEEP YOUR PAWS
OFF MY BODYGUARD!

GRRR!



NOW HE'S AFTER ME!
I SURE GET MYSELF
IN HOT
WATER!

HOT
SPRING



MAYBE I CAN DO THE
SAME FOR MR. GRIZZLY!



I HOPE THE HOT WATER
WILL SEND HIM RUNNING
HOME TO MAMA!

SPLASH!

THE TERRIFIED BEAR GIVES UP THE
CHASE!



WELL DONE--EVEN
IF I SAY SO!

TRICKY LITTLE
LADY-- BUT
TRICKS WON'T
HELP NOW!



I WANT THAT HEEL, MISS, AND I WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING TO GET IT!

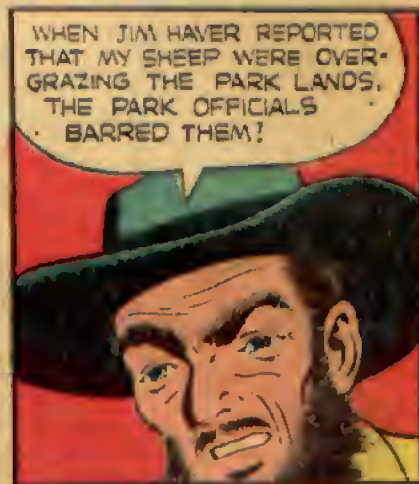


I HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE UNLESS OLD GUSHER HELPS ME! LET'S SEE, IT'S EIGHT MINUTES PAST THREE!



I'VE GOT TO STALL HIM FOR TWO MINUTES!

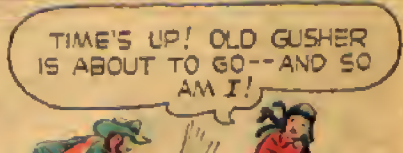
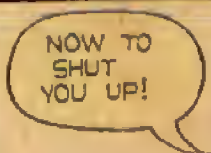
SO YOU WERE THE ONE WHO STARTED THE FIRE. WHY?

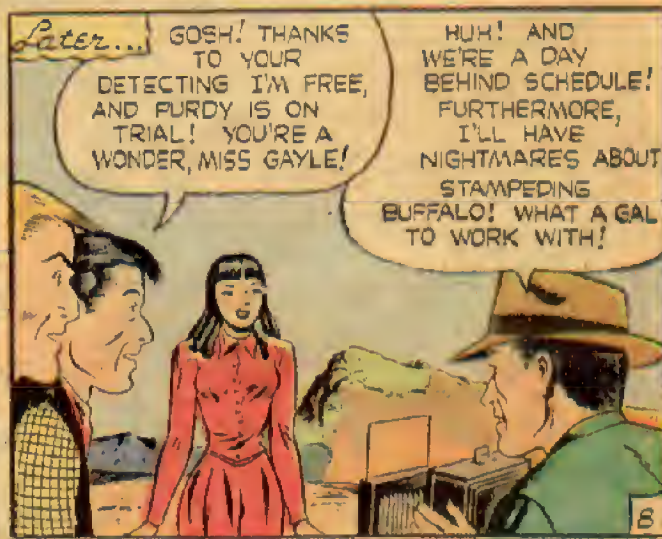
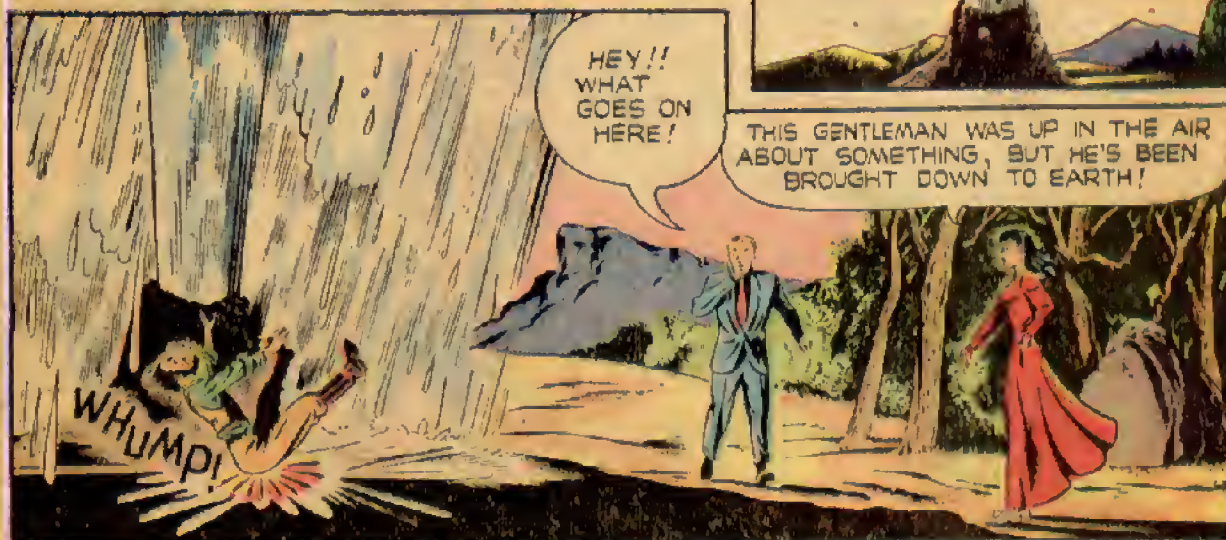
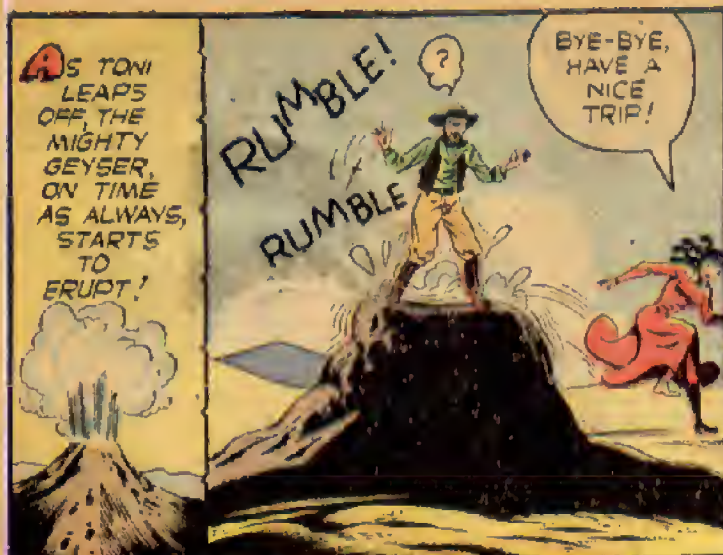


WHEN JIM HAVER REPORTED THAT MY SHEEP WERE OVERGRAZING THE PARK LANDS, THE PARK OFFICIALS BARRED THEM!



I HAD TO SELL OUT, AT A BIG LOSS! IT WAS JIM HAVER'S FAULT, AND THE PARK'S TOO! I GOT EVEN BY BURNING THE PARK AND PLANTING EVIDENCE AGAINST HAVER!





LARRY BRODERICK

DETECTIVE

LARRY BRODERICK, ACE CITY DETECTIVE, FINDS THE CLUE THAT CRACKS THE ALIBI OF THE KILLER WHO THOUGHT HE HAD COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME IN:

The Case of the Murdered Gangster

PETE RYAN WAS MURDERED LAST NIGHT. I WANT YOU TO HANDLE THE CASE, BRODERICK! LARKIN WILL HELP YOU!

YES, SIR!

OUR UNDERWORLD CONTACTS TELL US RYAN HAD BEEN MUSCLING IN ON THE DOPE RACKET, SUPPOSEDLY CONTROLLED BY AUGIE MILLER. IF MILLER'S IN ON THIS KILLING, YOU GET HIM!

Wes Hummel



ONE OF FOUR MEN YOUR FATHER WAS INVESTIGATING BEFORE HE WAS MURDERED IS MILLER! HE'S BEING HELD IN EAST LAKE! BUT HIS ALIBI IS FAULTLESS!



WELL, HERE'S EAST LAKE! AND NOW FOR MR. MILLER!

WE GO BACK TO THE EVENING-- IN HOTEL WILSON, THE PRIDE OF INDUSTRIAL EAST LAKE, ABOUT 250 MILES FROM NEW YORK CITY.



I MUST BE GETTING BACK TO THE THEATRE!



SO YOU'RE NOT COMING TO MY SHOW TONIGHT, MR. MILLER?

I'VE A BAD HEADACHE. I'M GOING TO MY ROOM.



I WANT NO PHONE CALLS OR GUESTS TO DISTURB ME. OH, THIS HEADACHE!

YES, SIR, I'LL REMEMBER.

DO NOT DISTURB

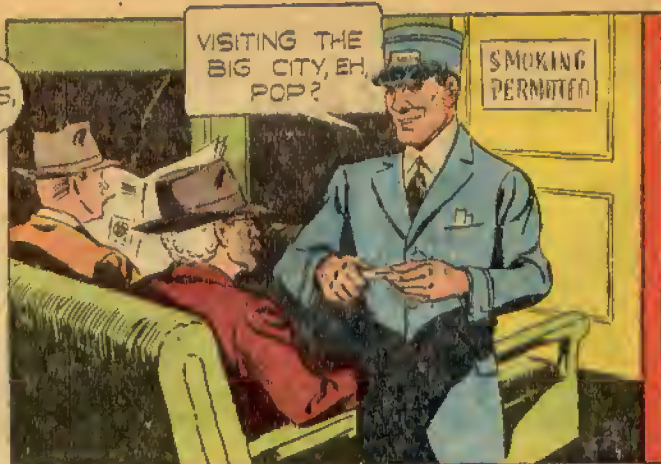


I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST--ONLY EIGHTEEN MINUTES TO CATCH THE TRAIN!

Q No. 15. He was an educator, statesman, and also U. S. President (1913-1921). Who was he?



NO ONE ON
THE GROUNDS,
GOOD!



VISITING THE
BIG CITY, EH,
POP?

SMOKING
PERMITTED

THOUGHT YOU WERE
GOING THROUGH
TO NEW YORK, POP!

I WANT TO STOP AND
SEE MY DAUGHTER IN
WESTCHESTER, FIRST.



FIFTEEN MINUTES
EACH WAY-- GIVES
ME HALF AN HOUR
TO DO THE JOB!



I'M MILLER!
I'VE COME FOR
YOU, RYAN!



DON'T KILL ME, MILLER! I'LL
GET OUT OF THE RACKET!
I'LL LEAVE TOWN!
GIVE ME A CHANCE!



TOO LATE! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MUSCLED IN ON THE DOPE RACKET!

THIS SILENCER DOES THE TRICK!

NOW TO TAKE THAT 2:15 TRAIN BACK TO EAST LAKE!

I'VE GOT TO CLIMB THE FIRE ESCAPE TO MY ROOM WITHOUT ANYBODY SEEING ME!

AND NOW, ONCE AGAIN, IT IS THE FOLLOWING MORNING, IN EAST LAKE.

WE'RE NEW YORK DETECTIVES COME TO QUESTION THIS MAN!

THESE YOKELS ARE TRYING TO PIN A RAP ON ME, FOR A GUY BUMPED OFF IN WESTCHESTER! TELL 'EM THEY'RE CRAZY!

YOU HAD A MOTIVE FOR KILLING RYAN! HE WAS MUSCLING IN ON YOUR DOPE RACKET!



YOU CAN'T
FRAME ME!
I'VE BEEN
HERE SINCE
YESTERDAY!
I'LL PROVE
IT!

GO
AHEAD!



SEND UP THAT BELLBOY
WHO WAS ON DUTY LAST
NIGHT! TELEPHONE VIOLA
DARE, AT THE MAYFAIR
THEATRE! I WANT HER
HERE!



LATER --

MR. MILLER WENT TO BED EARLY,
AND DIDN'T LEAVE HIS ROOM
WHILE I WAS ON DUTY!



STILL LATER --

MR. MILLER
DINED WITH
ME AT EIGHT
O'CLOCK
LAST NIGHT!



GUESS HE'S INNOCENT.
SHALL I TURN HIM
LOOSE?

NOT YET!
MY PARTNER'S
STILL DOING
SOME
CHECKING!



UNDER MILLER'S HOTEL WINDOW--

WHAT'S
THIS?

PULLMAN COM.
SEAT NO-8
CAR - 1117A 2B
DATE JUNE 15, 1935

5.



HE TOOK A TRAIN
TO WESTCHESTER--
KILLED RYAN; AND
TOOK A TRAIN BACK!



FIND ANYTHING?

YES!

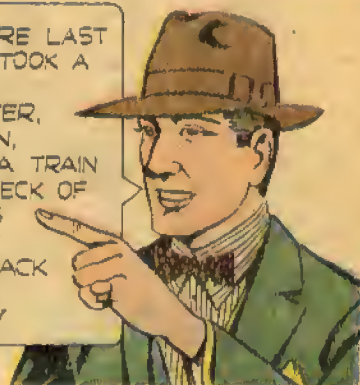
WHEN YOU
LINGERED
OUTSIDE TO
CHECK OVER
EACH DETAIL,
YOU TOSSED
AWAY YOUR
TICKET STUB!
YOUR ALIBI
IS BUSTED!



MILLER HAS
A ONE SHOT
PISTOL STRAPPED
AT HIS
WRIST, UNDER
HIS JACKET.



LEAVING HERE LAST
NIGHT, YOU TOOK A
TRAIN TO
WESTCHESTER,
KILLED RYAN,
AND TOOK A TRAIN
BACK. A CHECK OF
TIMETABLES
WILL SHOW
YOU GOT BACK
BEFORE
DAYLIGHT!



MILLER, I'M
ARRESTING YOU
FOR RYAN'S
MURDER! HAND-
CUFF HIM, STEVE!



MILLER PULLS THE WIRE,
RELEASING THE TRIGGER ---

BANG!

6.

AS LARKIN FALLS, MILLER PULLS LARKIN'S GUN FROM ITS HOLSTER.



STAND BACK,
OR I'LL
KILL YOU!



DON'T COME AFTER ME,
BRODERICK, OR I'LL SHOOT
YOU DOWN, LIKE I SHOT
YOUR FATHER!



HE'S ALIVE!
GET A DOCTOR!
I'M GOING AFTER
MILLER!



LARRY STICKS HIS HAT OUT OF THE WINDOW.

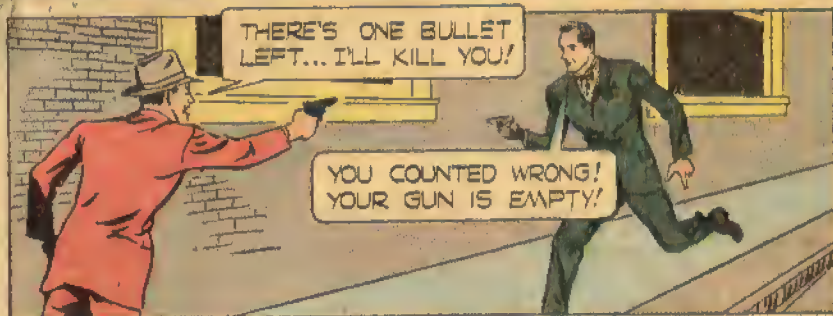
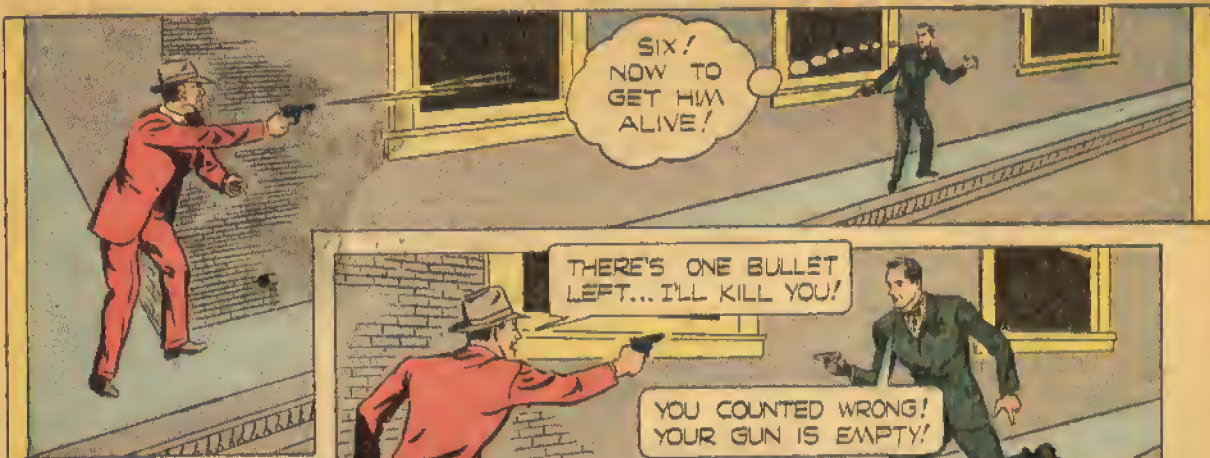


BULLETS 2
AND 3
ARE GONE!



FOUR,
FIVE!





"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"ROUNDING UP
THE RUSTLERS"



WHILE
VACATIONING
OUT WEST,
DEPUTY U.S.
ROYAL AND
THE BOYS OF
THE ELM CITY
BIKE CLUB
ARE ENJOYING
THE SIGHTS,
WHEN
SUDDENLY...

SAY, ROYAL,
WHO'S KICKING UP
ALL THAT DUST
DOWN THERE IN
THE VALLEY?

RUSTLERS! AND
THE POSSE'S
NOT FAR BEHIND!



AND AS ROYAL WATCHES THE CHASE THROUGH
HIS GLASSES, HE SEES...

GOOD! THE
POSSE CAN'T
FIGURE WHICH
WAY WE WENT!

WELL, KEEP RIDIN'...
WE AIN'T SAFE TILL
WE GET THROUGH THE
GORGE UP AHEAD...



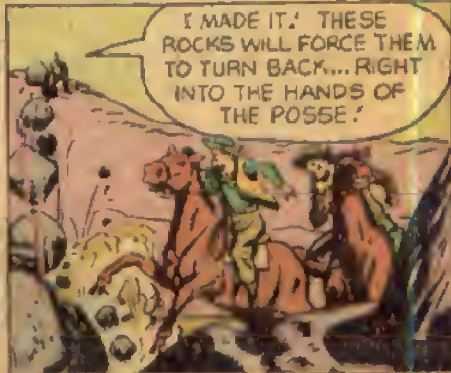
FELLAS, YOU TWO BIKE DOWN AND
TELL THE POSSE TO HEAD FOR THE
GORGE... I'LL HAVE A NICE SURPRISE
THERE WAITING FOR THEM!



NOW IF I CAN JUST
GET TO THE TOP
OF THAT GORGE
BEFORE THOSE
CATTLE-THIEVES
GET TO THE
BOTTOM!



I MADE IT! THESE
ROCKS WILL FORCE THEM
TO TURN BACK... RIGHT
INTO THE HANDS OF
THE POSSE!



BOYS, LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE
PUT AN END TO THIS RUSTLIN'
RACKET... THAT WAS MIGHTY
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